





A N
A C C O U N T

OF ALL THE

Principal FROSTS for above an
Hundred Years past:

W I T H

Political Remarks and Poetical Descriptions.

To which are added,

A Philosophical Theory of FREEZING;

A N D

A Frigid Essay upon FROST-FAIR.

By ICEDORE FROSTIFACE, of *Freeisland*, Astrologer.

*No longer THAMES the Shores of London laves,
But Chains of Ice constrain his rising Waves;
A rugged Prospect the wide Surface crowns,
Rocks, Ruins, Boats infix'd, and Men, and Towns.*

Printed and Sold at the *Goldeen King's-Head* Printing-
Booth, in *Frost-Fair*; and by C. CORBETT, Publisher,
over-against *St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-Street.* 1740.
Price Sixpence.

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ACCOUNT

OF ALL THE

Principal POSTS for above an
Hundred Years past:



Political Remarks and Political Dispositions

To which are added

A Philosophical Theory of Printing

AND

A Final Enquiry upon the State of the

By Isaac Newton, Esq.

No. 1. 1703. The State of the

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Printed and Sold at the Cambridge University Press

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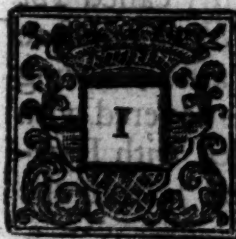
A N A C C O U N T

O F T H E

Principal F R O S T S for above an
Hundred Years past.

W I T H

Political Remarks, and Poetical Descriptions.



T is observable, that when any
Frost has happened remarkably
severe, it hath soon been followed
by some extraordinary Revolution,
Change, or Event. I shall illustrate
this in the following Instances, and
then leave the Reader to his own Reflections.

In the Year 1634, there was so hard a *Frost*,
that Mr. Cartwright, a Poet of that Time, thus
describes it.

E

We

We hear of some enchristall'd ; such as have
In That which caus'd their Death, receiv'd their
Grave ;

Bodies that destitute of Life have stood,
Dead, and not fall'n; drown'd, and without a Flood.
Nay we, who breathe still, are almost as they,
And only may be stil'd a softer Clay :
We stand like Statues, as if cast, and fit
For Life; not having, but expecting it.—
Each Hand would be a *Scævola's*. Let *Rome*,
Call Fire a Pleasure henceforth, not a Doom !
A Fever is become a Wish. We sit,
And think fall'n Angels have one Benefit.

And it was this very Year that the *Scots* Puri-
tans began to form Designs against the Govern-
ment of King *Charles I.* which ended in the Murder
of that Prince, and the Subversion of our Consti-
tution. Also, about a Twelve-month after, there
was a great Plague in *London*.

The *Frost* in 1683-4, the severest that ever was
known till the present, and emphatically called *The*
Great Frost, began about seven Weeks before
Christmas, and continued six Weeks after ; during
which Time the *Thames* at *London* was covered with
Booths, and Coaches ran upon it loaded with Law-
yers (a very heavy Sort of Luggage !) from the
Temple to *Westminster*.

The following Description of a *Frost* was made
soon after by Mr. *Dryden*.

Now Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,
No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear :

The



The frozen Earth lies bury'd there, below
 A hilly Heap, sev'n Cubits deep in Snow,
 And all the East Allies of stormy Boreas blow. }
 The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,
 Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chace.
 Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
 And studded Wheels are on their Back sustain'd.
 The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd ;
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd :
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
 Long Iceicles depend, and crackling Sounds are
 heard.

Mean while perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
 The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls:
 Huge Oxen stand inclos'd in wintry Walls
 Of Ice congeal'd ; while Herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.

This was but a Year before that gracious and
 merry Monarch King *Charles II.* who himself had
 hunted a Fox upon the *Thames*, was taken out of
 the World in a very suspicious Manner ; after
 which came in a Deluge of Popery and arbitrary
 Power : And this intervening Year was the most
 troublesome one that had been known since the Re-
 storation, being intirely filled up with Conspiracies,
 Trials, and Executions.

There was a third *Frost* in 1708-9, very hard for
 the Time it held, which was followed by a great
 Scarcity of Provisions ; the memorable Sermon,
 Trial, and Peregrination of Dr. *Sacheverel* ; the
 Disgrace of the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the
 rest

rest of Queen *Anne's* Old Ministry ; Fears of the Pretender, &c.

To this Season relates Mr. *Philips's* Description, in his Epistle to the Earl of *Dorset*.

The hoary Winter now conceals from Sight
All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite :
The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,
The flow'ry Plains, and silver-streaming Floods,
By Snow disguis'd, in bright Confusion lie,
And with one dazzling Waste fatigue the Eye.

The Frost in 1715 is usually called *The last Great Frost*, it being the only one since 1684 in which the *Thames* at *London* was frozen over. It did not continue above half so long as the former, viz. from the End of *December* till near the Middle of *February* ; but was attended with a prodigious Snow, in which several Post-Boys and others were frozen to Death. As the Country Ice was not then stopp'd by a Bridge at *Fulham*, nor that at *London* broke every twelve Hours by the high Tides, (which has been the Case at present) the River was soon passable from one Side to the other, and great Numbers of Booths were built on the Middle of the Channel. An Ox was roasted over-against *St. Paul's-Wharf*, and Variety of Trades and Diversions were carried on for near a Month together. It was during this Frost that the Pretender landed in *Scotland*, and made his public Entry into *Perth* ; the fatal Consequences of which to many of his Adherents are but too well remembered at this Time, and therefore shall not be here insisted on.

There

There cannot be a more lively Picture of this memorable Winter, than what Mr. *Addison* has thus given.

See Nature round a hoary Prospect yields,
And Beds of Snow conceal the whiten'd Fields:
Bleak Winter-blasts, congealing where they fly,
Shoot their keen Darts, and mingling fill the Sky.
The silent Streams in Murmurs cease to move,
Lock'd in their Shores by Icy Bands above:
No more thro' Vales they draw their harden'd
Train,

But form, unmov'd, a silent silver Plain.
The watry Gods who dwell in Courts below,
Lament their stubborn Waves no longer flow;
Each sad to view the Empire where he reigns
Enclos'd above, and bound with Chrystal Chains.

The only *Frost* worth mentioning between 1716 and the present Year, was that eleven Years ago, in *November* and *December* 1728. Of this I shall only observe, that Affairs with Us have gone on mighty coolly ever since; for tho' almost all the other Nations in *Europe* have been alternately at War, we have wisely contented ourselves with a Succession of Treaties, notwithstanding the repeated Insults to which we have been exposed. But, happily for us all, our Blood and Spirits were suffered again to circulate towards the End of last Summer, which possibly may prevent the good People of *England* from being frozen into Statues. Yet God knows what may have happened to our Fleets abroad; for tho' the Climates they are in are generally thought warm enough even in Winter, we have

have lately heard no more of them than if they had been frozen up in their Ports. But doubtless,

Our Ships' wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,
Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

And we shall soon hear that some of this Vengeance has vented itself in Thunder.

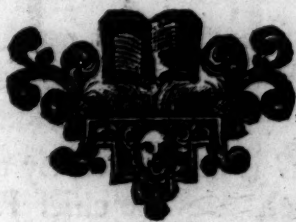
Among all the *Frosts* that have been here enumerated, it is manifest that not one of them sat in so severely as the present, the Spirits in the Thermometer having never been known so low as on the three last Days of *December*, which were the 5th, 6th, and 7th of the Frost. As to the Time of its Duration, tho' I might give my Opinion of it among the rest; yet forasmuch as Dr. *Halley*, Mr. *Whiston*, and other eminent Astronomers are reported to vary greatly on this Article, I shall not increase the Multitude of Conjectures by adding my own: However, the Reader may depend upon having my Remarks thereon as soon as it is over, and my Predictions the Moment they are fulfilled.

The Town has lately been obliged with these Lines on the present Frost, which I shall insert, tho' the Author of them is yet unknown.

The bleak North-east, from rough *Tartarian* Shores,
O'er *Europe's* Realms its freezing Rigour pours;
Stagnates the flowing Blood in human Veins,
And binds the silver *Thames* in icy Chains.
The crusted Earth bristles its hoary Head,
And seems to scorn insulting Mortals Tread.

Their

Their usual Courses Rivulets refrain,
 And ev'ry Pond appears a glassy Plain.
 Depriv'd of Food th' ærial Rovers stand,
 Amaz'd, and heedless of th' insidious Hand.
 Birds, Beasts, and Fishes are benumb'd. The Poor,
 Quiv'ring, and cringing at the Miser's Door,
 Redoubled Grief in their Distresses find,
 From Cold, and from th' uncharitable Mind.





A

Philosophical Theory

O F

FREEZING.

FREEZING is occasioned by the Dissolution of Salts, which are the chief Principle in all Bodies. To define it, we must consider the Composition of Water, and the Qualities of Salts.

Pure *Water*, according to Sir *Isaac Newton*, is a very saline Fluid, void of all Savour and Taste. It consists of small, smooth, hard, porous, spherical Particles, of equal Diameters, and of equal specific Gravities. Between these Particles there are Spaces so large, and ranged in such a Manner, as to be pervious on all Sides. Their *Smoothness* accounts for their sliding easily over one another's Surfaces. Their *Hardness* is the Cause of their Incompressibility, when free from the Intermixture of Air. The

Po-

Porosity of Water is so very great, that there is at least forty Times as much Space as Matter in it. The *Sphericity* of the Particles keeps them from touching one another in more Points than one, and prevents their Friction.

Salt is that which gives Solidity to Bodies, and is dissolvable in a Fluid. It naturally consists of thin wedge-like Particles, which have great Surface in respect of their Solidity ; and therefore swim in Water, tho' specifically heavier. These, while wrapt up together in Globules, have a fluid Motion, from the Action of the Fluid of Fire in their Interstices. But being dissolved by the cold circumfluent Air, they attract one another on all Sides, by Reason of their great Surface, and so inclose the purer Particles of the Fire, to which they are less penetrable than Air. Freezing then is owing to the Dissolution of Salts, and their keeping within the Spheres of one another's Attraction, after that Dissolution.

It is thus accounted for. Water having neither Action nor Fluidity, but from the Fire scattered in its Pores ; so soon as this Action on the Fire comes to be communicated to the Salts, the Water must consequently lose Part of that Fire it possess'd before, in Proportion to the Strength of the Salt, which more or less receives and locks it up. The Loss of Fire the Water sustains, by being thus contained between the Laminæ or Wedges of Salt, is sometimes so considerable, as to be attended with Congelation. Thus, for Example, take a Handful of Salt and Snow mix'd together, and apply it to the Outside of a Bottle fill'd with Water, to attract its natural Heat, and it will immediately congeal in a warm Room.

That

That Ice is specifically lighter than the Water out of which it is made, is manifest from its swimming on it ; and that this Levity is produced by those numerous angular Bubbles, or Cavities between the Particles of Salt, seems equally certain. Hence we may also account for the Sinking of Ice in a Thaw, when the Fire without acting upon the Salts so as to release the Fire they inclosed, and consequently to dissolve the Bubbles, the Particles of Water resume their natural Figure and Gravity.





A

FRIGID ESSAY

UPON

FROST-FAIR.

THE Want of Money has ever beed the Source
of great and daring Attempts.

This drives the hardy Soldier from his Home
To hostile Fields, where daring instant Death,
He seeks the Goddess in the Form of Plunder.
This makes the adventrous Marriner launch forth
For *India* or *Iberia*, big with Wrath,
And *Spanish* Thunder scorn, for *Spanish* Gold.

No

No Wonder then if in this severe cold Season, when *Newcastle Coals* are almost as scarce as metaphorical *Cole*, great Numbers take the Advantage of warming themselves upon the Ice, and endeavour to live upon the harden'd Water, for fear of Starving upon Land. No Wonder if we see half *London* running into the *Thames*, and Towns arising out of her Ruins on that Element, which can no longer contribute to her Riches and Luxury. No Wonder if among the great Number of Printers, Engravers, Goldsmiths, Toymen, Coffee-Men, Raree-Shew-Men, Sellers of Gin and Gingerbread, you see a poetical-historical-philosophical Astrologer, endeavouring to catch your Curiosity, and to vend those Wares which are no longer saleable elsewhere; especially as, by the Help of Engraving and Printing, he stands a fairer Chance to perpetuate the Memory of this remarkable Year, than any other of the Professions singly and alone.

I shall not attempt to be very particular upon the several Trades and Callings that are now carrying on in our Neighbourhood, because it may justly be said, *That here we have no continuing City*; our Situation being so precarious, and the Form of Things here so liable to Change, that a Day, nay an Hour, may dissolve our whole Community, and make the merriest of us all look grave.

For should beneath his Feet the Ice give Way,
And *Pickle-herring* soule up to the Chin,
How would he then deal out his Gibes and Jokes?

As an Instance of our unstable Situation, the Reader may have learn'd from the News Papers, that on
Mon-

Monday the 21st Instant, the ebbing Tide of the *Thames* carried with it a Sort of Island of Ice, which was interrupted in its Passage by *London-Bridge*, as if it were come to an Anchor: And as no Lives were lost, it afforded an agreeable Prospect. Here stood a Booth with Trinkets, there another with Saloop, a Third with a Dram of the right Sort, and a Fourth with the noble Art and Mystery of Printing. And tho' this Disaster terminated only in the Fright of the Inhabitants, yet should it caution those of the other Hamlets and Boroughs between the *Surrey* and *Middlesex* Shores, particularly of the Capital near *Whitehall*, that they do not leave their valuable Effects exposed in the Night. I have therefore made this memorable Catastrophe the Subject of my Frontispiece.

And here I would admonish my Fellow-Citizens on the Ice against a barbarous Custom, which I have too frequently observed among them.

For, if by Chance, unable to convey
 Too great a Weight, the parting Ice give way;
 Or the bright Knots, which on its Surface rise,
 O'erturn the blushing Dame before your Eyes,
 What Shouts, what Laughter fill the echoing Skies?
 No Pity in one merry Face appears;
 The Fair, o'erwhelm'd with Jokes instead of Tears,
 Her treach'rous Feet, and Garments as they flow,
 Laments, and blames the whistling Winds that
 blow,
 And heave her swelling Train, exposing all below.

On these Occasions, let him that standeth beware
 lest he fall, and not wantonly gaze on forbidden
 Charms,

Charms, lest his Feet go astray unto his Destruction.

I leave the Exercises upon the River *Thames*, such as Skittle-playing, Dancing, and the like, which neither teach the Practiser any new Art, nor preserve any Memory of the Season, to Those who chuse to pursue them at the Hazard of their Necks : Being persuaded that Sliding and Scating, which cannot be learned elsewhere, and may be useful on many Occasions, are the only natural Diversions upon the watry Element, at such a Season as this.

With a few Lines on these Pastimes, and a little more, I shall conclude this Essay.

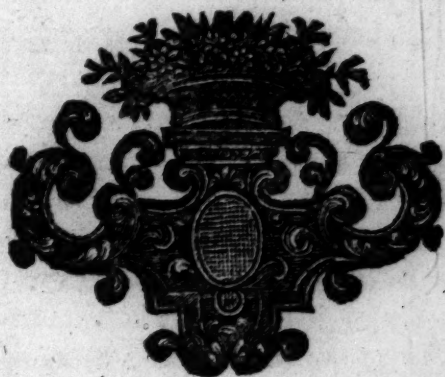
Yet this bleak Season of th' inclement Year,
Can boast Delights the smiling Youth to cheer ;
With vig'rous Sports the Winter Rage defy,
New brace the Nerves, and active Life supply.
Now in long Tracks with sailing Speed they shoot,
And tire, unarm'd, the Vigour of the Foot :
Now o'er the Race in winding Circles wheel,
Drove round and carried on the shining Steel.
Breathless, around their eager Arms they throw,
And lend new Swiftness to their Feet below.
• Orb within Orb their sportive Toil we view,
Whitning with Steel the Circles where they flew.

Such robust Exercises are altogether suitable to the young, the active, and the vigorous: They stir the Blood and Spirits, preserve Health, and make them not only agreeable Companions to their own Sex, but comfortable Associates to the Fair, who are in Danger of suffering much from this rigorous Season. As to those who are incapable of invigorating Nature by these laborious and manly Ways,
if

if they are Poor I commit them to the Mercy of the Rich; but if they have a Competency for the present Occasion, I recommend to them these Lines of *Dryden*, translated from *Horace*.

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow :
 Again, behold the Winter's Weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below ;
 And Streams with Icy Fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground !
 With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Heat with Fires ;
 Produce the Wine that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :
 For what Hereafter may betide,
 Leave that *Hereafter* to provide.

F I N I S.

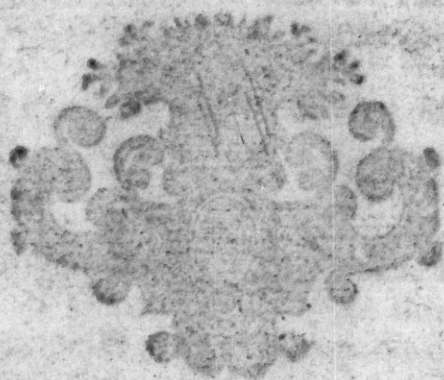


if they are Poor I commend them to the Mercy of
the Rich; but if they have a Complacency for the
present Occasion, I recommend to them these Lines
of Dyer, translated from Horace.

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Head;
Made higher with new Mountains of Snow;
Again, behold the Winter's Night;
Oppress the lab'ring Plow;
And Streams with Ice
Benighted and chilling
With well-weigh'd Lead
And feed the general Frost with Foes;
Produce the Wine that makes us bold;
And temperately Wit and Love improve;
For what Pleasures may be done,
Leave that to Heaven to provide.



F I N I S



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